

## The Evening World.

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## INSUPPORTABLE.

**F**ACTS concerning the real nature of the longshoremen's strike as revealed by The World but increase amazement and resentment at the extent of organized Teutonic conspiracy against law and industry in this country. We see the inevitableness of our demand for the recall of Austria's Ambassador. We begin to grasp how much and how long we have been duped.

As we face such disclosures our sense of insult is ten times deepened at the present moment by the deliberate return to ambiguity which the German Foreign Office displays in discussing the acts of its submarine commanders and the instructions which may be assumed to govern such acts. On this paramount question the shiftiness of German policy and practice is insupportable.

Americans do not choose to be kept indefinitely in a state of suspicion. The attitude is not congenial, nor does it fit the national character. We ask to be relieved of the presence of Austria's representative because he himself has proved we cannot trust him.

The overwhelming demand of the nation at this moment is for straight thinking and plain speech from the Wilhelmstrasse. Neither of these things is to be extracted from diplomacy as Germany practices it. The only way to find out what she means is to send home her diplomats and challenge plain talk.

## NEVER LESS USE FOR THEM.

**H**OW much did the Constitutional Convention think it represented public sentiment in this State in proposing constitutional permanence for the Public Service Commissioners?

What public confidence is there to-day in these bodies? Who wishes to see them perpetuated?

Are New Yorkers so pleased with the record of Chairman McCall and some of his docile associates in the Public Service Commission of this district that they would willingly see these gentlemen continued indefinitely in their present comfortable jobs?

Have Public Service Commissioners whose gentle dealings with the Interborough and the B. R. T. became a scandal, whose slipshod attitude in the face of serious subway and elevated accidents last winter was little short of criminal, whose dawdling and delay have withheld from an important section of Brooklyn the benefits of eighty cent gas, who have impudently assumed a right to divide authority over city cab service with the Board of Aldermen, who have decreed that cars which catch fire and burn in the subway are nevertheless safe enough to be run on the elevated—have Public Service Commissioners of this stamp raised themselves or their office in public esteem?

On the contrary, voters in this section never had less use for Public Service Commissioners or less enthusiasm for providing \$15,000 salaries to maintain them.

## CHEATING THE CHILDREN.

**S**CHOOL begins to-day. A million boys and girls in this city are ready for another year of the training indispensable for useful, successful lives. For many of these children every month, every week of schooling is precious. Some must go to work at fourteen. Others can never hope for regular instruction after sixteen. They cannot afford to miss an hour of school while it is still within their reach.

Yet at least forty thousand New York school children of all ages who present themselves at school to-day must be refused more than a half day's instruction for each school day. There is not room for them. Whether they are beginners or entering upon the last year of a preparation all too short, they are deprived of half the priceless thing they need most.

It is not fair. This city is rich enough to keep up with its educational needs. If the Board of Estimate can't trust the Board of Education with enough money to give the children a square deal, then there is something seriously out of gear with one or both of these bodies.

Each year the "part time" system gets a firmer hold. Unless it is abolished it will grow steadily worse. Lack of money is a wretched excuse for it. When the city cheats the children it cheats its own best hopes.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Free advice is usually worth no more than other things that you can get for nothing.

A small mind exaggerates everything that can comprehend at all, and most of all the importance of its possession.—Albany Journal.

A Macon mother was telling her young hopeful of seven of the thrilling career of Samson. When she finished the little fellow was silent for a moment. Then throwing back his head and slapping himself upon the chest, "By Joe," said he, "that's what I call a man!"—Macon Telegraph.

Poverty has no monopoly of happiness.—Baltimore American.

The difference between a compliment and bald flattery is whether you receive it yourself or the other fellow gets it.

"No one should write about women unless he knows them." "H'm! On that basis she would have forever remained unmentioned and unnamed."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The man who thinks that all women are alike does not like women.—Deseret News.

## Letters From the People

**Information Wanted.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will some reader of The Evening World kindly advise me in the following matter: I have been contemplating taking up a course in stenography and typewriting. I am 35 years of age, am fairly well read, and possess a good common school education. In the last few years I have studied grammar, rhetoric and general composition writing. I am a printer by trade and have a fairly good position, but there does not seem to be any possibility in sight of my bettering myself in my present occupation. If possible, I would like to obtain some idea as to the remuneration for stenographical work, also if there is much demand for secretaries at the present time.  
A Wife.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please decide the following bet. A bet Labor Day is a legal holiday in New York State. B says no. Who wins?  
War With France, 1798-1800.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Did the United States ever have a naval battle with France?  
Males, 47,332,122; Females, 44,640,144.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
You would oblige me if you would give me information concerning the difference in numbers between females and males in the United States.  
P. MONAHAN.

## The Supplementary Note

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

**W**HAT do you think?" said Mrs. Jarr as she greeted the family provider on his home coming the other evening. "Clara Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Stryver have had a bitter quarrel. When they meet now they pretend not to see each other, and I don't think they'll ever speak again."

"How can they quarrel bitterly if they don't speak?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That's the bitterest way people can quarrel," replied Mrs. Jarr. "As long as people speak, no matter how angry they are, there is a chance of their making up. That's why I say this is a bitter quarrel. The next thing they will be writing anonymous letters. You can always tell who an anonymous letter is from because women generally write them on hotel stationery, generally the stationery of the swellest hotel they can think of, so it will seem that society is indignant. All you need to do is to go to the writing room of the hotel and get a description of some of the recent ready letter writers, and often the attendant will know the name. In this case you just ask sweetly if Mrs. So and So wasn't yesterday."

"Well, I am glad you are not taking sides," said Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly not!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "If one takes sides, then one only hears one side. But if you don't take sides you hear both sides."

"Then you are strictly neutral?" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Most assuredly!" was the reply. "Only I do feel bad to think of all the fine clothes that I cannot afford."

"Fine clothes? What has that to do with it?" inquired Mr. Jarr.

"Why, don't you see?" replied Mrs. Jarr, "now that Clara Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Stryver are bitter enemies they will try to outdo each other more than they used to when they disliked each other as good friends."

"Then extra fine fashions are the uniforms in ladies' wars?" queried Mr. Jarr.

"Why, of course," Mrs. Jarr went on. "Nothing makes the people who dislike you so angry as to think you are prosperous. Mr. Stryver is making a lot of money in Wall Street now, so Mrs. Stryver told me."

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "he's been handling 'War Babies'."

"I can't see how he makes any money that way," replied Mrs. Jarr. "For the poor little war babies are destitute and we have had several collections taken up for them. Do you think that man Stryver gets hold

## Mr. Jarr Learns When Women War They Battle in "Full Uniform"

money made selling war supplies. If I never got any clothes unless I got them that way, I wouldn't worry."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr regarded him suspiciously. "You are glad to hear me say so, but just the same I do need a lot of nice clothes. I would almost be willing to be a war bride or a war baby myself if I could get some."

"Cheer up," said Mr. Jarr. "We expect to get some war orders at our shop and if we do, I'll get a commission on them and will be able to let you have some extra money."

"I wish they were peace orders," said Mrs. Jarr. "But if Mrs. Stryver and Clara Mudridge-Smith can get a lot of nice clothes because their husbands are making money out of the

## Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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**H**ONESTLY, the way you cherish that car!" began Ma. "To hear you go on about it, any one'd think you'd just bought it and hadn't taken out insurance yet. If people only knew that you had the springs all fixed up with parts of Willie's garters and that you stipple the shy spots with shoe blacking every time you take it out of the garage and that you have to use the pulmotor on the carburetor before it'll carburete, why, they'd think you were suffering from vacuum under the lid!"

"You're very reckless about it, aren't you?" repeated Pop, with a patient shriek, "but I guess you'd miss it if it was stolen. You can leave a car outside a place twenty times and not have anything happen to it. And like as not, the twenty-first time some one will take it."

"What if they do? With the way cars are going down in price you could get a much better one for the insurance you've got on this relic. I'm crazy to have a gray one piped with cardinal, anyway, or a near-blue scow like Faddy's."

"LINED, with cardinal!" corrected Pop scornfully. "You're not talking about a dress. And besides, with the punk luck I've been having in business and everything else lately, if some one did steal it, the insurance company'd bust up the day before."

"Well, I think that customer of yours will think it's funny. Because in parts of the Middle West they use their cars for everything—cutting the lawn and moving their furniture and all sorts of things."

"All right," said Pop, with the air of one shifting responsibility. "We'll take them to the theatre to-night in the car and I'll pay a boy to watch it during the show. But, remember, if anything happens to it, no weeping and wishing you hadn't done it."

During intermission Pop went out to take a look. When he came back Ma scanned his face anxiously.

"It's all right," he told her with a tinge of sarcasm. "By that I mean

## Editorials by Women

## LAZINESS AND LUNACY.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

**N**OT merely ill health but insanity has now been traced directly to the dearth of physical exercise among women. Says Dr. E. J. Danck, alienist: "Sitting around a small apartment, with trips to the back porch the only general form of exercise, makes people lonely, then sick and then insane."

Yet there are hundreds of New York women who don't even take the exercise of "trips to the back porch," since that appendage is mostly absent from city apartments. These women do little or no housework, have no business or profession outside their homes, step into a taxi or a trolley car whenever they pass beyond their own thresholds, and in general do their level best to atrophy muscles which were made for work. It is an utterly artificial existence; small wonder that it results in degeneration of body and brain.

Every woman, moreover, with the expenditure of a little time, ingenuity and resolution, can keep herself from becoming soft. Miss Pauline Furlong is telling Evening World readers daily how to have a home gymnasium in every apartment. The woman who engages neither in hard physical labor nor in athletic activity can ill afford to neglect such instruction.

It's all very well to loaf and invite your soul, but have a care lest too much loafing invite that terrible guest, madness.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 51—THE MONKEY'S PAW. By W. W. Jacobs.

**O**LD Mr. White and his wife and their son Herbert were honored one evening, at their suburban English cottage, by a call from White's boyhood chum, Sergeant-Major Morris (retired) of the British army. Among other amazing yarns of soldier life in India, the Sergeant-Major told of a monkey's paw which a Hindu fakir had converted into a talisman. The paw's owner, he said, might have three wishes from it. How he himself had come by it he did not make clear. But he produced the paw, by way of proving his story. The paw was a withered, disgusting looking little object.

No one of his three hearers really believed the soldier's silly tale that the paw was a talisman; but White prevailed on Morris to sell it to him for a trifle.

After the visitor had gone the old man held the Monkey's Paw in his right hand and, more in joke than not, said:

"I wish for two hundred pounds."

As he spoke he sprang back, dropping the paw and crying out:

"As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake!"

His wife and son laughed at the trick his imagination had played him. And as the two hundred pounds (\$1,000) did not materialize, they were more than ever certain that the soldier was merely an amusing liar.

Next morning Herbert went off to work. A few

hours later a man came to the White cottage from Maw & Meggin's factory, where the young fellow was employed. The visitor, as gently as possible, broke the news that Herbert had just been killed in a machinery smashup.

"Maw & Meggin's," he added "disclaim all responsibility. They admit no liability at all. But in consideration of your son's services they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation."

"How much?" asked White, a premonition gripping him.

"Two hundred pounds," was the reply. The stricken mother fell to the floor, unconscious.

Ten nights later the bereft old couple sat listening to the wind that moaned outside their cottage. Suddenly Mrs. White exclaimed:

"White tremblingly picked up the Monkey's Paw.

"I wish my son alive again," he whispered.

The candle flickered and went out, leaving the listening couple in pitchy darkness. Long they sat thus. Nothing happened. Then at last through the silence a knock sounded on the front door—a knock so quiet and stealthy as to be scarce audible.

"It's Herbert!" screamed the mother. "I forgot the cemetery was two miles away. What are you holding me for? I must open the door."

"For God's sake, don't let it in!" shuddered the old man.

"Let me go!" she wailed, as the strangely stealthy

knock continued. "I'm coming, Herbert! I'm coming!"

She tore free from her husband and rushed to the door. But White, with a horror-stricken memory of the

man's body he had seen drawn from the machinery, seized the Monkey's Paw and frantically breathed his third and last wish—a wish that the nameless Thing outside might leave his doorstep and depart forever.

As he voiced this terrified wish the knocking abruptly ceased. The mother had reached the front door and she threw it wide open.

The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

ON YOUTH AND AGE.

By Lord Bacon.

**A**MAN that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time. But that happens rarely. For there is a youth in thought as well as in age. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imagination streams into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Nature that have much heat and great and violent desires and perturbations are not ripe for action until they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Caesar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, "His youth was full of error—yes, of evil passions," and yet he was the ablest Emperor of all the list. But reposed nature may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Caesar, Cosmo, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Bois and others.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age in things that fall within the compass of age directeth them, but in new things abasheth them. Young men are more full of passion, more of action, more of fire, more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly. Men of age object too much, venture too little, repent too soon and content themselves with the mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employment of both, for that will be good for the present because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both, and good for successors that young men may be learned while men in age are active because authority followeth old men and favor and popularity youth.

It is still there. Of course, the kid didn't expect that until the end of the show, so he was holding a reception. Two newbies were shooting craps on the front seat; a boothback and a chewing gum vender were playing numbing-the-dog on the tonneau mat; several smokers found it a convenient place to strike their matches, and a bound of compositors were playing mumble-grams when I got out.

All this time Pop uttered never a syllable, but his glance was significant. "I don't see why you take such chances with your car, Mitt," remarked the customer. "We wouldn't out West."

Quivering under the look Pop shot at her, Ma tried to remember where she had read the magazine in which she read that statement about Westerners and their cars. Without it she was lost!